Dec 30
1931

190

Monks House,
Wednesday.

Could you - including Angelica, Julian Clive Queenie, anybody else,
come here to tea on Thursday? The brothers is
that the Keynes' who were coming on Friday
now want to come Thursday. So you would
meet them, but we hope you will for old fathers Sake.
Isn't it marvellous about Lytton, considering last week
& I cant help feeling optimistic

B.

14 Jan 1932

169

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

Thursday

We're just back from Hamstead, so I thought you might like to hear. Lytton is better again, though they thought he was dying on Sunday. In fact the dr. said on Monday he suddenly got better - like last time. He's very fearfully weak, but not actually losing strength - they've got a new specialist who thinks the disease is running its course, but can't say how long it will be. Nobody has ever seen a case like it & nothing goes as they expect.

We took Peppa out & had tea
with Carrington Ralph &
Francis at Hampstead. They
all seem worn down, but
inclined to be hopeful again.
Except for the general feeling
that nobody knows what may
happen. Lytton is convinced &
determined to do all he can,
& they said he liked ours
coming. Was temp. went down to
99 this afternoon.

Perhaps you've heard from
James.

We shall be here this
week end

B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

Monday, April 11th
1932.

153a

Dearest,

Never a greater pleasure hearing from you—
which I did this morning. And know, though,
if I can finish this — Van Hudson has just gone—
Jubilee Collapse is about to come. It's a windy rainy
Evening turned 6 o'clock. And tomorrow we
start at dawn to Odessa Rinka at Rodnell,
& then I'm inoculated,, & we leave for Greece on
Friday. Not by air though. That turned out a
fraud. They only fly me to Paris, & back me up
again at Brindisi; so we go to Venice, & sail
down the Dalmatian coast,, & so reach Athens
about Tuesday. We start with Roger & Hu—
Helen, whose ticket I offered to pay towards, has
some mystic objection. I see it all likely
to end in tears. Quarrels, playing them
about Schedules & so on — but I shall
feel this all makes for you prob: that's
still the cauldron in which my life is brewed
Barbara takes the cake. Never never
can there have been a woman so sealed from

book to all the subbleties & circumbendibus & harmonies
& cleverness of. To dump her manuscript book on [illegible] at
the last moment seem the last straw. Couldn't this
be tactfully conveyed to her by Duncan Jay, on a card?
Of course it's a form of market love for you — then to
inflict these scars. Any contact is some sort of ecstasy
to her — But after this, dont disturb me for Ethel
Smyth or the rest. Nan has been humbly to
Chaliapin about your services for art — a subject
that leaves me cold. But the ways you are one of the 3
people she loves. She tried it a dog. Would you
believe it, she has altered all her plans because her
Summer bull dog might have been left with an
unsympathetic servant. was about to start for
Cannes, & it seems as this to live at Dieppe alone
with him for a fortnight. She told me a long
story about a Swiss who calculates with cows.
I take this to mean that she has relations with Peter.
I dont blame her, save that he is old. Ethel & Smells.
When the dear people take her for a Sabbath.
By dint of practising incontinena as an aid to
landscape painting I almost brought her to admit
that she had, once or twice, in a hale May night,
Embraced Ethel in a coffice. But she flitted off
to a party — I like her though, a fat that there is
brick beneath the — is it called rubble? — which I
don't wish Ethel. I've been seeing

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HAMILL 2/10/68

1936

the usual sort of people - that is the Keepers at Redmell, -
Ethel & Vita, Harold. We went over to Lewes hurst which
is now a complete 15th Century Castle, with moat, drawbridge,
Lewes Chad, Sleighound, Short, bowling green - I daresay
bowling Green. It is rather a lovely ruin - red stone. Then we
had tea with Maurice Baring at Rottingdean - 2 dirty
footmen to hand anchovy sandwiches, which I loathe & so
had to put in my bag. when asked for a match by Baring
I handed him my sandwich. Ethel Smyth was there,
straddled like a major in front of the fire. Then I saw
James & Alix; James rather dyed up & straticpid I thought.
Alix flowing with a queer phosphorescent beauty. Old Mrs
S. Florence has just printed in 10 vols. her diaries in the same
sound: the question is who will publish it? James is
Lytton & Ecador, & has bound masses of poems & plays,
mostly unfinished, also box upon box of letters. He
pressed him to have the letters typed & circulated among us.
He says Lytton said very complimentary things about us all.
But as we ask to do that, I don't see that it matters. Ott &
Roger Senhouse needn't be included, & it hurts their feelings.
Our letters aren't there - to war an earlier series. James
says that Lytton meant to write an essay book on George
Washington; & then write probably about, & write
violently, proclaiming his dodoism, cutting a drift from
Vanity. I mentday I doubt it.

Rather crazy the Angelica get a hound from me?
I don't want thanks - only to know if it reached her. If
not, I'll send another. I may have missed you at
Fittleworth Fest.

Lottie has heard from Clun, & apparently starts cleaning on Friday. I'm in despair about Redmell.
We've now run up 3 incredibly vast galvanised sheds at the cost of £1800, which completely ruin our view. & the rumour is that they are building 60 workmens cottages. I suspect our part is doomed, & we had better go now – at least if we could sell the home. But perhaps we shall be more sure this summer: still the factory is bound to be destroyed with Thomas Maynard say it will & the bankrupt. Thankfod, Thomas Colclay rings up for the 18th time today she can't come. But the incoherence & utter a the last that the hand is less legible than print are due to the urgent emergency that blocked our view. the weather is incredibly vile: rain, snow, hail, sun, fog all at once.
Now to business: We shall call at Poste Restante Athens for letters. I imagine Athens will be our headquarters. We shall be in Greece about a fortnight – from April 19th to May 4th: & stay perhaps in Italy on the way back – be home on 14th. So please write write write. If you write direct Lend to Poste Restante Athens: but the Press Bureau will always forward. Now and I remind you of the excitement of any letter in foreign parts. Please ask Duncan to write. As for that wretched false hearted Pixy I hardly expect a letter from her. No doubt Judith is tenderer-hearted. I shall alter my will accordingly.
No one has died. Florence Barker has written. Her husband has broken his knee cap. Dickens Now is said by Nan to be very bad. Lady Diana is appearing in the Miracle. What is Julian doing about his fellowship? Write, write write. Good dolphin, & I will remember you in your blue bottom in the Aegean.
Leonard sends love. B—

NYPL 2/10/68

LLOYD TRIESTINO

PIROSCAFO „TEVERE"

19th April. 32.

well how we are steaming past the Greek islands. Not a ripple on the sea, so hot one can sit naked on deck — an occasional fowl settles on the the masts — Roger comes running to say that Corfu is in sight — which it is but — a Greek gentleman corrects him — curled his name he says he is Christ son of Christ. There is also Mr. Hutchinson, the Archaeologist, who plays Chess. But we are in the first class, a all this seething life surrounds the Frigs in the Second. I have withdrawn to our palatial writing room, where there are only bald headed merchants. The fact is it is impossible to do anything at sea. We were to reach Athens this evening, but rocks have fallen a blocked the Gulf of Corinth so we have to go round, & shant arrive till 6 tomorrow morning — rather a bore, as

Leonard is still playing Chess. So — have he is — for beating Roger again. Good!

Posta Athens Greece.

Please write to Rentauli,

Morning I a letter.

Shall have Dgambo the steward — but I know of no one else to write to.

B.

SCHOLARS, TRIESTE 1929

LLOYD TRIESTINO

PIROSCAFO „TEVERE"

19th April. 32.

Well how we are steaming past the Greek islands. Not a ripple on the sea, so hot one can sit naked on deck — an occasional fowl settles on the the masts — Roger comes running to say that Corfu — which it isn't — a Greek gentleman corrects him — curled his name he says he is Count Son of Christ. There is also Mr. Hutchinson, the Archaeologist, who plays Chess. But we are in the first class, & all this seething life surrounds the Frigs in the second. I have withdrawn to our palatial writing room, where there are only bald headed merchants. The trade is it is impossible to do anything at sea. We were to reach Athens this evening, but rocky have fallen & blocked the Gulf of Corinth so we have to go round, & won't arrive till 6 tomorrow morning — rather a bore, as

Leonard is still playing Chess. So — have we — so — so — Love again. Love!

SCHOLARS, TRIESTE 1929

there is a limit to our love of sea life on we
have a cinema in the evening: tray upon
tray of ham sandwiches; beef tea half hourly;
& an occasional melancholy waltz.
So far, the Fog & the Wolves have been as sweet as
nuts & soft as silk, & I daresay we haven't
stopped talking, completely, for half an hour. There was
dinner in Paris, at a little place where Roger took
his wife 36 years ago: & then a night & half day at
Venice. Roger oozes knowledge, but kindly warmly
like an aromatic — what? Shower bath, it'll
have to be, as my vests are dozed. We only had
time for 3 churches & part of the Accademia — & Florian
Ha — (Vincenza called her 20, by mistake) dressed
like an elderly Yak in a white pelt
(contrained by a girdle, is admirable in bearing
the brunt of aesthetic criticism. She heard her
Even contradict Roger about Bellini, & she always
has a feeling about a sky or a pillar or
the arc of bald heads in design which turns the
blade off the poor ignorant wishes. I did

however, attack Titian & Leonard says he made a boast about a diagonal – anyhow, it doesn't matter as Roger is infinitely steely, & realised from the first that we must let pass Venice & concentrate upon Greece.
We drove round Brindisi yesterday in search of a dome that Roger had seen from the boat, but we only found the railway station & an locked church.
This was a diversion however as Leonard had beaten Roger twice at chess, & I fathom there was some feeling, – what Roger does is to take his Queen back, & then say – which is exasperating, – he can't play well when Leonard is so slow. But this is the only rub. We talk, talk, talk. Sometimes Ha & I (but I must call her Mary) pass the Duke di cunning Herbert Fisher, or Pamela; I think she suspects me of being an intellectual, moral & social snob. So I do my best to climb off my perch & roll on the floor; & sometimes she likes me; & then she's fearfully humble. When I say "but Ha – I mean Mary – you know all about politics" she says "My dear Virginia, when will you get that silly illusion out of your head? I'm merely good at bluff. That's how I take people in". – I think she was probably a good deal

chastened by Rogers infatuation with Bloomsbury, & suspects me of being in conspiracy against her. But Lord Lord - I know nothing about anyone; & merely advance my antennae & generally get snubbed & Yesterday I lost my spectacles, (but had packed them): this morning I came down to breakfast holding my sponge bag, & have even wandered in my night gown into the barbers shop. This is what comes of dreaming of Duncan all night. Why dream of Duncan? He never dreams of me, nor thinks of me either; nor writes to me into the bargain. Yet my lust for love remains undiminished by the Greek islands. We are just in time for Easter in Athens. Christ - how Roger kicks up dusky dews at every turn, & Ha ha. we shall have a following like a bitch on heat - may we must spend the 1st of May night in the churches. & the streets: all lights but one go out. That is the Easter rite, & more beautiful here than any other. Roger has a special box of canvases: Ha is also going to sketch. We think of going to Crete Roger thinks of making Helen at Venice. What thoughts are in your head? Such this, though a terrible letter from a bore writes - which je cant help I am - not a good one but a bore one - that's the sort of thing Roger & I argue about - is long, & adoring & full of the most tender if unexpressed - but ardent the tenderest feelings he presently show -.

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Sue of course. This is what called 'G
HAMILL 6/1/66

chastened by Rogers infatuation with Bloomsbury, & suspects me of being in conspiracy against her. But Lord Lord - I know nothing about anyone; & merely advance my antennae & generally get snubbed - Yesterday I lost my spectacles, (but had packed them): this morning I came down to breakfast holding my sponge bag, & have on a waistcoat, in my night gown, into the barbers shop. This is what comes of dreaming of Duncan all night. Why dream of Duncan? He never dreams of me, nor thinks of me either; nor wants to see me into the bargain. Yet my lust for love remains undiminished by the Greek islands. We are just in time for Easter in Athens. Christ - how Roger kicks up Derby Days afterwards, & Ha ha. We shall have a following like a leech on heat - way we must spend the 1st of May night in the churches. & the streets: all lights but one go out. That is the Easter rite, & more beautiful here than any other. Roger has a special box of canvases: Ha is also going to sketch. We think of going to Crete Roger thinks of making Helen at Venice. What thoughts are in your head? Such this, though a terrible letter from a born waster - which ye cant deny I am - not a forced one but a born one - that's the sort of thing Roger & I argue about - is long, & adoring & full of the most tender if unexpressed - but ardent the tenderest feelings &c. precisely those -.

Quotation. This is what called 'Comic'

LLOYD TRIESTINO

PIROSCAFO „TEVERE"

19th April. 32.

well how we are floating past the Greek islands. Not a ripple on the sea, so hot one can sit naked on deck — an occasional fowl settles on the 4 masts — Roger comes running to say that Corcyra — which it isn't — a Greek gentleman corrects him — curled his name he says he is Christ son of Christ. There is also Mr. Hutchinson, the Archaeologist, who plays Chess. But we are in the first class, & all this seething life surrounds the Frigs in the second. I have withdrawn to our palatial writing room, where there are only bald headed merchants. The trade is it is impossible to do anything at sea. We were to reach Athens this evening, but rocky have fallen & blocked the Gulf of Corinth so we have to go round, & shant arrive till 8 tomorrow morning — rather a bore, as

Leonard is still playing Chess. So — here he is — for London Roger again. Lord!

Corcyra

Porto Athens Greece.

Please write a letter. Restante,

Please write Restante,

Please write Restante,

Please write

1922

172a

Delphi

Monday May 2nd.

Such its almost impossible to write because of the heat, & being half asleep after lunch but I must admit you deserve some thanks for writing such a masterpiece as the human thermometer. I read it (carefully selected extracts only) at lunch: & then as the Dolphin take of Stracheys Bartrippo Tommies & Wogans curled its length thro' house — we were lunching in athens — rocked with laughter. Still it seems to me certain your final trial was not Ralph, but Mary (Hutchinson) The told me she meant to go to the Huxleys. As for observers, since its France she'll be bound to come & see you — & Clive — & Duncan. And there'll be the devil to pay. Pray God for words & tell me about it.

Here we are in Delphi all well except for Roger's nerves falling out & my skin peeling in great rolls. The wind — sun, the bitter cold & violent heat, the driving all day along rocky or pitted roads,

make one feel like a parboiled Cactus. Ah
the same, it is so far a great success -)
mean from our point of view. No quarrels,
no accidents, — in fact, we live in
comfortable comfort, & have a car to drive us,
instead of pottering about in trains & flies
as we used. The Inns are now clean as
new pins — not a bug, or even a flea
to be seen: no corpses on the wall, & the food
about as good as English - too many olives &
Sardines for me; but Leonard & Roger love them
& plunge into octopuses & lizards, — I mean
they eat them, fried — oily lengths like
old rubber tires cut into squares. There's
not an English man or woman to be seen; our
only society is our own, & some peasants,
but as Roger learnt Greek at the wrong
book, most of our talk gets wrong, & when I
correct with pure Classical Greek — as my way is —
the only result is that we are supposed to
have bought 2 Kids. No, I haven't
probed Mayor: Ov age brings its dad
wisdoms — I see one can't excoriate the
Elderly unless one wishes to have decomposing
Cadavers hung round one's neck - There is

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She has need, however, as she has told us all about
her emasculated life, with the old Fry - how
her father dismissed her lover, & her mother never
let her laugh at any story a man told - it
showed he thought fast. The dulness of the youth
& the 6 sisters was the rage worse than a Convent
at the age of 97 Lady Fry. having shut them all
up in so many hand boxes preventing out lives
unbecoming Flowers crowned that her sisters had been a
mistake. But it was then too late - Margery
has married having a child, & has to paint &
botanise & watch birds & Rhulantherahins for
Euer instead. I daresay it would be better of the
married Roger as you suggest. They hum &
buzz like two boiling pots. I've never heard
people, after the age of 6, talk so incessantly.
What's more, there's not a word yet what ju -
I might call foolish: its all about facts, &
information. & at the most trying moments
when Roger's inside is falling down, & Margery
must make water instantly or perish, we have
only to mention Themistocles & the battle of
Platea for them both to become like youth at its
spring. The amount they know about art, history,
archeology, biology. stones. Rocks. birds flowers
is in fact a constant reproof to me. Margery
caught me smiling the other day at my own
thoughts & said no Fry had ever done that. "No" said
Roger. "we have no power of dissociation" which is

why of course they're such bad paintings – they never
finished for a second. R has done about 20
pictures under incredible difficulties. but for some
reason oil paint wont dry here. so they'll all be
smudged. As for his amiability & indeed docility it's
astonishing. As he can't walk & can't sit our
doings have to be very mild – This is a great
mercy – most of the day they paint & we
sit about under the trees. I admit we've done
most of the museums, but far from thoroughly.
The great discovery is that the Greeks were far inferior
to the Byzantines. So we search out obscure
mosaics & mosques & neglect all we used to
see with Violet Dickinson. Lord what ages ago that
seems!

I share your the truth – which is that Greece is
far & away the loveliest country now left – quite
unspoilt – in fact, uncivilized. I share you all
accounts of Delphi & Nauplia. The day before
we came here they found the body of Cockerams,
what's her name Alberts son, on a tree in the
cliff opposite. He fell over & broke his back, &
– here I was called off, & now we are
back (May 4th Wednesday) in Athens
after driving 13 hours yesterday. He broke
his back on a tree, & they found his skeleton
with a watch between the ribs.

It is blazing hot & I sit steadily hotter.
I wear my thinnest dress & a vast shady hat, &

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1926

Still it too hot to rot in the sun. Then-letter is so dull. dejected that I think I ought to Up. try to darn my stockings & mend my suspenders: Still I can't resist a little desiccated scrap, if you're not any one on you at the moment, no Tommies or Ralphs. But I'm always in dayer of running on about the beauty of Greece which is far better than I remembered — in fact, we can't have seen it at all. Nothing is Uproar — it's as wild as a polecat — Every inch is a different flower - mostly minute & like sparks of emerald & zoom: Mayfly grubs in the Earth like a grizzly bear to get wots to send home to the stone dead Aegean whenever there's not fixing a hawk or vulture with her flame or carrying a dove any one of the things the Fly do. But there's as much as milk & pathetic — about her lost life, — no children but only endless university honours. But as I was saying of the beauty — if ever I had a turn towards Lesbianism it would be towed by the carts of young peasant women in lemon red & blue handkerchiefs, ~~and~~ & the donkeys & the kids & the fennel & cucumbers & lavender: & the sea; & the Cypresses. (This sentence was wrong: but I leave it to you to disentangle.) We're just

been to the Post Office & found no letter from you but one, & the most enchanting nature from Cezelica, who seems to run, as all the Gills do with an grace. She is rid of Judith at last! She is like a very round hard boiled egg! Yesterday we had a fine sample of Fry tenacity — Roger had heard of a monastery with mosaics near Delphi — the driver pointed out that it would add 3 hours to our 10 hour journey, also climbing a mountain at midday on mules. Roger found a shorter way. But the man said the road is impassable. Not a bit of it said Roger. So it was planned: & we set off at 5 ready to start. At the last moment news came that a car had rolled over the precipice owing to the bad road, & the drivers absolutely refused to go. So we compromised & went the long way & rode up the hill in the heat of midday & the mosaics were very inferior & the Monks were very annoying, & we didn't get back to Athens till 8.30 at night, having broken a spring, punctured a tire, & run over a serpent. But we saw an eagle. And Roger said it was only by these experiments that one could get real insight into the people — Moreover he is in the best of tempers: & though we were almost speechless with dust we had a very good dinner, & to bed. We start back on Monday I think, & shall be home this time next on the 15th or 16. when the greatest indeed the only pleasure will be to see Dolphin.)

Can't think why na~~d~~ love is green. It very

Steel Smyth writes that she has met a man who is an enthusiastic admirer of your painting ~~[illegible]~~ She says would you therefore decorate a ballet? She is waiting. She wont thank you'll answer her. But she thinks is the Camargo wont accept her. ballet. However now I've asked you. And the main wish "raved about a portrait by Vanessa".

I dont mean that I wanted thanks for the pound: only I thought I'd let it: however I'm very glad I did Lilli - what a boon world!

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

cheap. The exchange is now in our favour.
There has been a financial crisis &
we (et) dont know how many shillings
for our pound. The people are far
the most sympathetic I've ever seen.
Nobody sees, & sees. Everybody smiles.
There are no beggars, practically. The
peasants all come up across the fields
& talk. We can't understand a
word & the contrast between Rogers
book & Leonard's opinion makes it
unthinkable how to set a drop to
drink, because they can't agree what
is the word for wine.

But it's now nearly 12. &)
quant dep. The Trips suggest that
we should make a final dash to
Olympia, & come up so we shall
do it on Friday for 2 nights. They stay
on another week.

So farewell. B.

Leonard sends love. We are painting the Parthenon